

GODS IN CAPTIVITY.

Idols in New York from China, Africa and India.

Descriptions of Some of the Prominent Gods and Goddesses—Horrid Grotesqueries—The Chinese Adam—Buddhist Virgin—Vishnu's Four Incarnations.

There are about 300 heathen idols in this city, of which the Presbyterian collection has eighty-five. These embrace idols from China, India, Mexico and Africa, and include a sufficient variety to satisfy the most pronounced heathen. A heathen god doesn't pride himself on his beauty, but relies on his brutal grotesqueness to send a chill down the backbone of his devotees. One of the three Mexican gods is of wood. The sculptor evidently used a jack knife, and gave the idol great angularity in all directions, especially about the knee and elbow joints. The arms meet at right angles without the intervention of hands. The body is very long and the face utterly without expression. Another Mexican specimen resembles the old Aztec deities, with heavy masses of stone carved about the head, a stern expression in the face, and vigorous features strongly predominant in every feature. The third of the Mexican gods is of wood and resembles a coal heaver with a prodigious black paint on his face, heavy muscles and a garment of green cloth. There is one African idol. Its countenance looks like a distorted negro face, with lips as if cut apart by a huge plover. The nose is of triangular shape, and the ridge extends through the forehead to the hair, which is composed of braided cords. The dress is of black and white cotton cloth, and her shoulders are covered with a cape of red flannel. The arms extend nearly to the feet and are very clumsy.

VARIOUS CHINESE GODS.

Fo Shing is the Chinese god of literature. He is worshipped by all literary men. He is represented with one foot on the head of the sacred fish, and is evidently as much down on it as an American editor is on a fish story. He holds aloft in one hand a pen, which looks like a cigarette, and is made of paper. In the other hand is a tablet of papyrus. Unlike literary men, he is very homely. He has large ears, and has apparently just received some news and is hurrying to get it in the best edition. His left foot is raised behind him, as if in the act of running. Lei Kung is the god of thunder. Thunder and lightning are supposed to be under his control, and he is much feared. His upper lip is constructed on the principle of a cowcatcher. The nose is chopped off squarely at the bottom. Each cheek is ornamented with a brazen spot. His ears are large and broad, and above them are two large flaps like elephant ears and red as beets. He wears a golden robe and looks generally as if he were running against a high wind. His right hand is raised, as if to touch off the thunder. Each foot has three toes, and his knees are covered with mail. He is seated in a large chair.

Pin Ki Wing, the Chinese Adam, was the first man, according to Chinese theory. He sprang out of chaos, and then remodeled the heavens and the earth. He is worshipped properly by erectors of meat sheds in China. He is seated squarely on a block, and holds one of the Chinese "diagrams," or amulets, in his hands, has a short skirt about his waist and a mantle on his shoulders. His forehead is high and straight, with black paint. His ears are large, face fair and his hair is raised in heavy lines. De-Low-Koon, a baldheaded, benevolent old fellow, with long tufts of horsehair whiskers, is one of the "seen," an imaginary species of genii, of men who have become immortal and inhabit the hills. His business is to teach men to find the Elixir of Life (or to make it), or a medicine which confers immortality.

THE BUDDHIST VIRGIN.

Kevan Len is the Buddhist virgin. She is attired in gold, has a face of the color of red clay, and is under a canopy with arms resting on a balcony. Two brother gods, without names, have deep black faces, with heavy whiskers and mustaches in tufts like logs in a swamp of ink water. One has his eyes turned downward; the other's are distended as if he had just ended a severe fit of choking. Above the one are strung a couple of black keys, and the other has ornaments of the same kind in white metal. Nearly all the Chinese gods have nicely curled mustaches. When they have whiskers they are in the tuft form, stiff as porcupine quills.

Fen-han is the Queen of Heaven, and is very generally worshipped in China, especially by women. She is enshrined in every vessel, and has many temples on land. She has a gentle expression. There are several representations of her. In one she is seated in a large chair, completely filling it, and has a flat piece of wood on her head. In another she is represented in gold clothing, with her hands wrapped in a rich mantle. She has large ears, with drops, holds a scepter, and looks like a fat China woman. Kam-yam, or the Goddess of Mercy, is worshipped by all classes. She is a huge female in dark red, with large limbs, and is seated with a child resting on one knee. Her face has a mild expression and she is not particularly homely.

An image of Buddha, about to be consecrated when bought, was made in Siam, and cost 64 cents in silver. The Sacred Bull is in marble, and is kneeling down. It is very heavy. No lot of the collection is a necklace. The Hindus think they cannot tell a lie when this is on their neck. Sing Wan San Poosa is a god of riches and is a solitary character. It is said he has given the wealth of China to England, and he is therefore heartily despised. Ram, incarnation of Vishnu, is in marble. He was found in Sutledge river, near Lodianna, having been thrown there because of a broken arm. When an idol has a limb broken he is thrown away. There are four representations of the incarnations of Vishnu. One is the Bear Avatar, which is looking up, supporting the world on his snout. He has a bear's head but a man's body. The Fish Avatar has the body of a fish with the head of a woman and four hands. He holds a scepter in his left hand and is trampling on a man. Katch Avatar has two scepters and is four handed. —New York Mail and Express.

Story of Swimmer Boyton. A story told about Capt. Paul Boyton is interesting. He was on his way down the Rhone, in France, near Syssel, when he noticed the people along the bank making unusual noises and gesticulations. Thinking they were caused by their admiration for him Boyton didn't mind them, but when he got nearer the people he saw it was fear that caused their actions, and that they were entreating him to stop; but he couldn't do this on account of the rapidity of the current. Then he saw several soldiers run out on the bridge and hurriedly grind away at some cranks, and in a few moments, a little before his eyes, rose a network of chains and hooks, which was stretched across the river to catch contraband goods that might be floated down, and that would have made mincemeat out of the voyager if the guards hadn't seen him. As it was, when he floated under, the lowest row of hooks was only a few inches from his face. —Chicago News.

Senator Paddock Threw too Straight.

"I used to go to school with Senator-elect Paddock, of Iowa," said a man in a Madison street barber shop yesterday. "Besides being a good scholar and a jolly playmate, Paddy was the best marksman with a snowball in the school. At the noon recess one day Paddock and several of the boys got together to have a snowballing contest on the playground. The battle had raged for fifteen minutes or so, when one of the boys saw the principal of the school walking down the middle of the road on his way home to dinner. He wore a tall, black pig hat, which sat upon his head like a cat upon a grindstone. Paddock, who saw the teacher as soon as he was anywhere, suggested that we give him a volley. The boys demurred. Paddock then said he would take a long range shot at the hat just for luck. Scooping up two handfuls of soft snow the embryonic statesman molded it into a perfect sphere, and taking careful aim shot it after the retreating pedagogue with remarkable accuracy. The ball hit the tile amulets and scattered the wreck ten feet away. The teacher looked round to discover his assailant, but there was no one in sight. When school was dismissed that afternoon the principal related his noon experience, and declared that there was only one boy in the school who could throw a snowball 150 feet with any precision. That boy, he said, was Paddock, and, without waiting to take the customary rule, the teacher seized an apple suppling as big round as a baseball club, and, taking the champion marksman by the collar, he lapped him until both stood in a cloud of dust. Paddock never threw any more snowballs at the teacher." —Chicago Herald.

A Smoking Car Incident.

A little man with gray eyes rushed into the smoking room of a Pullman car of the Chicago and Atlantic road the other day and, taking a safety match from the safe on the wall, began scratching the perspiration out of the woodwork. Two bald headed men who were sitting in the compartment smiled serenely as they watched the little fellow's vain efforts to strike a light. "You can't light one of those matches unless you strike the emery paper on the side of the safe," said one of the spectators, becoming annoyed at the rapping noise. The "greeny" smiled complacently and said he guessed he could. Another match was rubbed along the panels of the room, then across the sole of a big right foot, and finally broken in a diagonal sweep over a pantalon leg.

"You can't do it, I tell you," repeated the same spectator, shifting his position. "Better go to the safe," replied the little man. "But you will light it in your cigar." "No, sir. Do you want to cover that bet?" "Certainly."

"And does your friend want another \$5 of it?" "Of course," said the other spectator, speaking for himself. Four \$5 bills were piled upon one another in quick order, and then the little man took a match from the safe, walked up to the door and rubbed the perspiration head along the ground, thirty glass. The little stick burst into flame and burned rapidly as the little man picked up the four bills and walked out upon the platform to enjoy the crisp air. After he had gone the bald headed men spoke to one another in a strange tongue. —Chicago Herald.

Taking Up the Thread.

A story is told of a man of a very silent disposition who, driving in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs. The man replied, "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when, driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir!" This, however, as an instance of long intermission of discourse, sinks into insignificance beside an anecdote of a minister of Campsie, near Glasgow. It is related that the worthy pastor, one Archibald Denniston was deprived of his ministerial office in 1655, and not replaced till after the restoration. He had, before leaving his charge, begun a discourse, and finished the first head. At his return in 1661 he took up a second division of his interrupted sermon, calmly introducing it with the remark that "the times were altered, but the doctrines of the gospel were always the same." —Chicago Herald.

He Would Attend at the Right Place.

Gentleman—I am sorry, Uncle Rastus, that I can't do anything for this morning, but charity, you know, begins at home. Uncle Rastus—All right, Mister Smif—all right, sah. I'll call round at yo' house 'bout sebben dis ebenin', sah. —Harper's Bazar.

Putting on Style.

Mrs. Haggerty—Hi, hi, ho, ho! An' phwat are yez doin' wid me hoes? Mr. Haggerty—Hould yure jaw, Julia! Shure th' aste soide shnowshoe club mates this aftnoon.—Life.

Picking the Wrong Lock.

With stealthy hand he strove to clip One golden ringlet from her head. "Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip, "They are my sister Jane's," she said. —Harper's Magazine.

Gamblers.

I watched the smile on her rosy lips As I bunched the cards and she stacked the chips; "Give me the pack, my deal." A flourish, a flash, the shuffling done, "She dealt me a hand, and I said in fun: 'This time the 'pot' I'll steal.'"

An ace, two treys, a queen, a jack, But the card I wanted was in the pack— "She dealt me a hand, and I said in fun: 'This time the 'pot' I'll steal.'"

With her card she tapped her snow chin, And laughingly said, "I always win, Come, I'll bet you all I've got." "I'll take you," said I—and I saw her start— "I'll raise you one and bet my heart." She "called" me and lost the "pot." —Tid Bits.

The Error Explained.

Grammar Class—Boy, parsing—Wagon, common noun, feminine gender—Teacher—What gender? Boy—Oh, neutral gender. The tongue, max'am, kinder throwed me off'n my guard.—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOIL OF WYOMING.

The Land Cut by Gulches and "Draws." The Valleys and "Bottoms."

East Nebraska is a prairie; west Nebraska, with its alkali streams and sand hills, begins to take somewhat of the character of this country, with its strange unevenness. But in Wyoming we reach the consummation of roughness, in what may have once been prairie. To be sure, as we look from a car window, if in the spring, we may see the strange mound-like sandstones and the crater-like knobs about a "plain," so seems it, of thousands of acres of verdure. The land, as a rule, is an alkali, soft limestone and sand, a stone formation, the home of the nutritious buffalo grass and sagebrush. Attempt to ride across one of the plains and you find how great the disparity. The land is cut in every conceivable direction by abrupt gulches and "draws," with perpendicular sides from thirty to one hundred feet deep, entirely concealed by their character until you are right upon them.

There is no water in these in this season. They usually follow the natural watershed, but head anywhere and everywhere upon the plain, and, strange of all, are as deep and abrupt in their head as anywhere. You find the valleys but a repetition of what you see on a larger scale from a point of eminence—an apparent plain, and yonder a crater-like bluff—but upon ascending its steep side you are surprised to find its summit but the boundary of another plateau, with gulches deeper and wider. I spoke of valleys a moment ago; this country has none after the fashion of any eastern conception. The streams are few and far between, usually from twelve to twenty miles and more, and then the merest rivulets, at this season, after sinking for miles in their course, and occasionally breaking out spring-like and flowing a short distance. These rivulets have narrow "bottoms" often quite fertile, but scarcely more than garden spots, with a few scrubby cottonwoods and box-elders, entirely hidden from view by the proximity of the neighboring bluffs. When wider and more like valleys, as is the bottom of the Platte, they are too sandy for cultivation. It is only by irrigation that even the "bottoms" are made productive. It is along these bottoms that the cattle have been accustomed to water and that the ranches have been built. All this beautiful country to look upon is utterly beyond the reach of the plow or any agricultural crop, and is only saved from utter desert by the spring rains, which grow the grass in a short month or so.

Just break the soil for any purpose and the soil is the sport of the winds. The only possible hope would be in artesian wells, but they could not be reached for thousands of feet, and possibly not then, with at great expense, but with success probably scarce enough to supply man and beast. There are at present four ways by which men can acquire land in the territory—homestead (160 acres), pre-emption (160, timber culture (160) and desert reclaiming (640). Now none of these rights can be exercised except along the streams, and then the very lowest construction must be made of the conditions applicable only to an unbroken prairie.—Wyoming Letter in Detroit Free Press.

Memory of Faces.

There are as few people who can remember faces as there are who can remember and recall facts, though people generally think it is very easy. I have had some amusing examples of the success of some of these people in these undertakings. Now on 'change we have 3,212 members, and complimentary to bring the total up to 4,492 people. Of course a large number of these people are not on 'change once a year, but when they do come a person must know them and not stop them, as when they do visit the floor they generally have visiting friends with them, and to stop them would be embarrassing. To assist me in remembering these people I have made a study of faces, and now I rarely see a stranger that I do not note some peculiarity about him by which I can identify him. The habit has grown so that I often register in my memory men with whom I have no connection, and who I will probably never see again.

So you see this is a study, whether one has a faculty for it or not, and when a person talks about being able to do so offhand, he is talking about something he don't know anything about. The other day a friend of mine came up to me at the door on 'change, and said he would like to bet me the dinners he could pick out as they passed each one of forty men on the floor, whom I was to name as they came in. I had the satisfaction of eating a very good dinner at his expense. I picked out forty men, of course not those who live in the bull pit, but men whose names he knew, and whose faces he had also seen. How many do you think he secured out of the forty? Just eleven.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Work of the Telegraph Operators. I presume there is a more appreciable difference in telegraph operators than in any other class of workers in the world. The old timers delight in talking of receiving fifty words a minute, and sigh wearily as they refer to auld lang syne and the decadence of speed in the present generation. This is all very well, but thirty-five words per minute is considered far above the average, and when an operator is receiving even that number he is pushed, and frequently resorts to abbreviation. Lady operators as a rule are accurate, but are physically incapable of the heavy work entailed by press reports for city papers. Put a lady operator at the instrument in a small city where pony reports are received and she will take twenty words a minute and do it well. But when it comes to using the stylus on manifold, where a large number of copies is to be taken, a lady does not possess the requisite physical strength to accomplish the task. Operators are eccentric, and their style of work differs greatly. Once they become set in a certain channel they never change, and while experience gives them better control of their work, there is no perceptible improvement in penmanship. Telegraph operators who can carry on a conversation and receive at the same time are very scarce.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Clever Business Woman.

Riding with me through a thriving Maine town recently, a friend indicated a large tannery and remarked: "That establishment has an entertaining story. Its founder built up a large business and willed it to his daughter, instructing his executors to permit her to manage the business herself. The neighbors predicted a collapse of the concern; but the girl proved to be even a better business man than her father, and cleared \$7,000 the first year. She ran it several years and then a minister settled in town, who took to her. The taking was mutual. He married her, left the ministry, is now running the tannery with his wife's help and drives the fanciest team in town." —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

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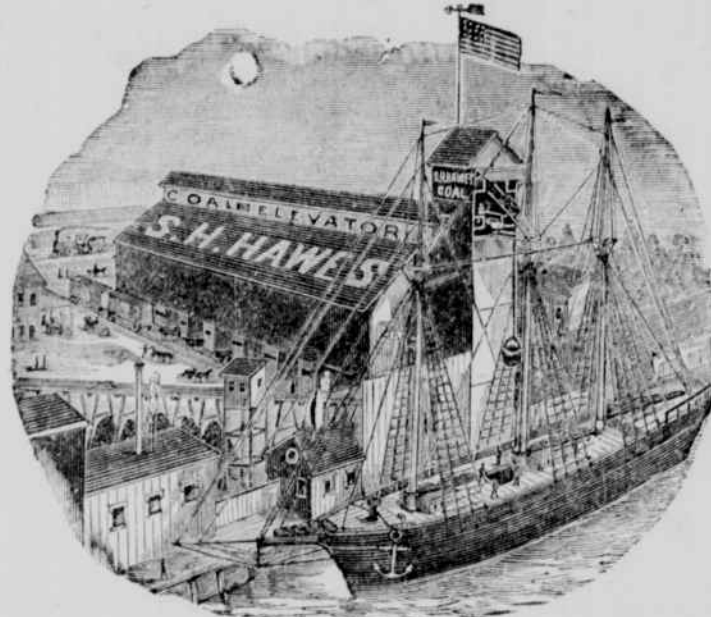
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